

# THE SILENT WORLD.

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## THE WIDOW WARING'S CHRISTMAS SURPRISE.

BY HOWARD GLYNDON.

"If I only just did know what to do about him!" Following this remark came a deep, long-drawn sigh. It was a leisurely sigh, too; yet the woman who gave it was so used to sighing that she was hardly conscious of having drawn her breath more heavily than usual.

Beside her, crouched upon a bit of old rag carpet spread upon the hearth, with his head bent so near to the blaze of the scanty fire of pine-knots that you would have thought his flushed cheeks in danger of scorching, was a boy about twelve years old. Large and lusty he was for his age, with a thick thatch of bright yellow hair covering his shapely head and falling down over a forehead of much promise, just now puckered into the most determined of boyish scowls as he grappled in a manful way with the manifold intricacies of the capital B's and K's set as a copy at the top of his slate—evidently not by a master's hand. It was when the Widow Waring's eyes rested for a moment on this boy thus occupied—as, after a long spell of making lattice-work across a scandalous hole in the toe of a gray woollen sock, she lifted her head to ease the pain in the back of her neck, caused by long bending over her work—that she gave audible vent to the thought that was constantly uppermost in her mind, and followed it by her habitual sigh, "If I only just did know what to do with him!" The ball of gray yarn rolled out of her lap, while she sat with briefly idle hands, watching him with a tender trouble on her worn face. In an instant his awkward but courageous grip of the long, well-sharpened slate-pencil, which he held as if he were afraid it would slip away, relaxed, and he was scrambling for the ball, which presently, with a bright smile, but with no word, he laid upon his mother's knee. The trouble passed from her face while she looked into his, but the tenderness only deepened until you could not have said but that it was motherly pride. But though she patted his head as he again crouched down beside her, still no word passed between them. And for one whole, long winter evening they sat thus by the glimmering fire of pine-knots, the mother with her sewing and the boy with his slate and a well-worn book, and neither talked to the other.

These two were sitting in a poor little room in a poor little house—the barest shell of a cabin, indeed, planted so close to the water's edge that the wonder was that some incoming tide did not wash it away into the sea. Around it, stretching away on every side, was the sandy soil of the bleak coast, swept annually by such terrible winds that the few shrubs about it grew only knee high, and the house itself was probably only saved by its very lowliness. You had to stoop, though you might not be tall, to enter the one outer door leading into the bare room which served as kitchen, sitting-room, and by night as a bed-room for the boy—he sleeping in an improvised bed on a settle. A still lower door led into a cold little den in which was hardly sleeping room for the mother. On a chair was a large pile of neatly-ironed clothing, which evidently, from its fineness of texture and elaborateness of adorning, did not belong to the two whose surroundings I have sketched; and there were so many flat-irons set away upon an upper shelf, and so many tubs turned bottom upward in the little shed near the house, that it required no ex-

traordinary acuteness, even in an entire stranger, to say beforehand what the Widow Waring's vocation was. She looked as old as fifty, though in reality she was only about forty; for hard work incessantly kept up ages women even more than settled grief. Her face was worn and wrinkled, her hair thin and turning gray, her fingers literally worked to the bone; but her eyes were large, bright brown, and beautiful with a quick sensibility, an untamable spirit, which made you forget her furrowed forehead, her dim hair, her meagerness. Looking only into her eyes she seemed ten years younger. They were her only grace, and she had transmitted them to her boy. Watching him as he from time to time looked up into his mother's face, you would have ceased to think it strange that he never spoke to her nor she to him. His eyes spoke for him, and he seemed to read his mother's every thought in her's. Thus they sat—while the wind without wailed dolefully around the corners of the house, and ever anon the dull, steady swash of washing waves was borne upon it—the mother intent upon her mending and the boy upon his slate, until the uncomprising clock overhead shrilled out nine strokes, and then the widow rose and gently touched the child, who had not looked up.

Half a mile further inland, in the heart of a sea-port town which had straggled away from the water, and in a very different house, sat Isabel Egbert on that same night. She was alone, for the friends whom she was visiting had gone out to spend the evening, and she had pleaded headache as an excuse for not accompanying them. If she had pleaded heart-ache she would have been nearer the truth.

A week previous she had left all the gayeties of a large city to come to this quiet little place on the pretext of needing rest and quiet. What she really wanted was to be alone with a sorrow which she was too proud to confide to any one. First love—betrothal—disenchantment—a broken engagement! In how few words the history of a heart-trouble that make us hate the days and dread the nights can be told! To-night, for the first time during her visit, she found herself quite alone. She loitered awhile at the piano, then tried to amuse herself at the stereoscope, and these resources failing she tried to read, but on turning the first page discovered that not a word of any sentence which her eyes during the last fifteen minutes had mechanically taken in remained in her mind. She closed the book sharply, and putting it impatiently aside, began to walk the floor. Her thoughts were bitter, for they were of her disappointed hopes, her misplaced affections. "Shall I ever believe in any one again? Shall I ever trust any one again?" So ran her thoughts, and then with a sudden revulsion of feeling, "Oh, it is so bitter to be all alone! and I am not used to it. How long shall I be able to bear it, I wonder? And this is Christmas Eve!" The last recollection was too much for her. She could not calmly "look on that picture and then on this." She threw herself into a chair, and, resting her head upon the table near which it was drawn, gave way to one of those passionate outbursts of tears and sobs which are the sure tokens of youth and a heart before unacquainted with sorrow.

The tears do not come so quickly when the heart bleeds inwardly and long. They are the passionate protests against suffering which we at last weary of making. Next to the house was a church, and as Isabel still sat with her head bent upon her arms an organ strain, higher than the rest, penetrated into the room. She lifted her head and listened a moment,

and then going softly to a side window she raised it and leaned out. A side window of the church was also partially open, and the chant came to her with as much distinctness as if she had been among the worshippers.

"Peace on earth, good will toward men!"

Then she knew that it was midnight, and remembered that at this hour hundreds of years ago a Christ was born unto men.

"No man liveth unto himself," she seemed to hear a deep voice saying, and just at that moment the door-bell clanged loudly, and Isabel lowered the window and stole softly and swiftly away up stairs to her own room, for she knew her friends were returning from a social party, and she was ashamed of her red eyes and hot, tear-stained cheeks.

"No man liveth unto himself," she repeated, dreamily, as she unplaited her hair before the toilet-glass. "Is not this what I have been *trying* to do? First, I shut myself away from others in my joy, and when that failed me I tried to wall myself out from the world in my sorrow. I have always lived for myself. What good have I ever done for others? And this is Christmas Eve, and Christ came not for himself, but for others. But what can I do? I know that if I cheered some one who was likewise troubled I should feel my own sorrow less. Nay, might I not forget it in helping some one more helpless than myself? But will God give me any of His work to do?"

She was lying in bed when this last question formed itself in her mind. Instantly, as if in reply, a voice seemed to whisper to her, "Keep your eyes and your ears open!"

"Well, I will try and remember that to-morrow," she said, with a drowsy smile, and turning on her pillow, in spite of all the woe-begone speeches which she had made to herself, she slept as soundly as if she were not the victim of shattered hopes—a perfect "Mariana in the moated grange;" and the next morning she arose bright and early, with a prettier color in her cheeks than had showed there for many days. At the breakfast table one thought it was the reflection of her pink morning wrapper, and another was sure that the sea-air was working miracles for her; but Isabel was too busy in devising ways so that she might not live to herself during the day to furnish any solution of the question.

"Isabel, I'm sorry your clothes did not come home last night, but Mrs. Waring sent to say that she could not possibly finish getting them up in time, but that she would send them early this morning."

This from Mrs. Stanley, Isabel's hostess.

"Oh, well, it doesn't matter, for I haven't needed anything," said Isabel, carelessly.

"It would only serve you right if you did," said Mrs. Stanley, with a playful pretence of resentment. "I'm sure I don't see why you will insist on sending your washing out when it could just as well be done in the house. I never had a guest do so before."

"Well, but confess now," said Isabel, pleasantly, "that it is a great deal more convenient. I save your servants just so much extra work and—"

"Please, Miss, here's Mrs. Waring's boy with your things," said Mary, putting her head in at the dining-room door, and holding her duster behind her as she did so. At that moment the family arose from the breakfast table. Isabel stopped Mrs. Stanley, who was about to speak to Mary:

"I must go up to my room for a few minutes, so let me attend to the matter myself. I know you are all busy enough this morning."

In the hall she found a boy with a bundle done up in newspapers, and nearly as big as himself.

"Come up stairs," she said to him; but was surprised to see that he looked at her inquiringly, and did not move.

"Come up stairs!" she said in a still louder voice.

"Laws, Miss!" said Mary, coming from the other end of the hall, "you needn't talk to him, for he can't hear you."

"Can't hear me?"

"Laws, no! he was born deaf, and has never spoken a word in his life. His father was drowned during a dreadful storm by the swamping of his boat. It wasn't a hundred yards from shore, but he couldn't swim, poor fellow! and even if he could, I guess he couldn't a' saved himself in such a sea. And the Widow Waring—she was his wife then—she just stood on the shore and saw it all—saw him die before her eyes, and couldn't even lift her little finger to help him; and the worst of it all was, that he went out to help a comrade who couldn't make shore; and so the next day this boy was born—stone deaf, you see—bless his poor heart!"

"Poor boy!" said Isabel; and with an impulse which she could not control, she laid one hand lightly on his shoulder, and with the other gently pushed away the overhanging shock of hair from his forehead. He only looked at her wonderingly with his great brown eyes, and his ruddy cheeks grew even ruddier with embarrassment.

"Yes, indeed! Poor boy!" repeated Mary. "You may well say that, Miss. And such a good boy as he is, too! And as for his mother—well, she just works her hands off to keep herself and him afloat. And he works all day as hard as ever he can to help her. And just look how neat he keeps himself! He always looks just so. And ain't it a pity he can't go to school? He's just as smart as he can be! Look at them eyes of his, if you don't believe *me*! And his mother—well, she don't know much, but she's a-tryin' as hard as ever she can to teach him to read and write."

"Thank you, Mary; but the child is cold, and I am going to take him up stairs and let him warm his hands before he goes home," said Isabel, hastily turning away and beckoning to the boy, who now followed her readily up the stairs.

Once in her own room, she relieved him of his bundle, which he had all this time patiently held in his arms, and made him sit down before the fire; and then, without taking her eyes off of him, she sat down opposite him, and stared harder than ever. Now, this was a somewhat singular proceeding, and disconcerted the silent child not a little; but Isabel was thinking so hard that she wasn't altogether conscious of what she was doing, until the boy made her understand by signs that he wanted to go away.

"Boy, where does your mother live?"

And then, seeing that he only stared and shook his head:

"Oh! I forgot. He can't hear me, and I must ask Mary."

Guess whether the Widow Waring was or wasn't surprised when late that afternoon, just as she had got through with tidying up the room, after her rather late Christmas dinner, and her boy was in his usual place by the fire with a mammoth picture-primer, his mother's Christmas gift, there came a decided little tap at the door, and hurrying to it, she found standing outside the young lady whose washing she had sent home that morning. Widow Waring began to wonder if she were going to get a scolding for not sending it home earlier, or whatever else could be the matter. But she held the door wide, and with a certain dignity invited her visitor to enter.

Walking up to the fire, Isabel began almost before she had time to remove the thick veil from before her face:

"Mrs. Waring"—then breaking off suddenly, and pointing to the boy before the fire—"but what is *his* name?"

"John Wentworth Waring," said the widow, with a little pardonable pride, for she felt that the name had a grand sound. "He was named John for his father, and Wentworth for the last royal Governor of the State of New Hampshire. We came from there."



"Well, which of his names do you call him by? For I suppose you don't have the whole string of them in use every day?"

"Why, I call him John, *of course*, for his father," said the widow, as if astonished that anybody should need to be informed of that fact; and after a little pause she added: "It was his father who wanted to have him called Wentworth; but when things came about as they did, I wanted to give him his father's name, but at the same time I felt that I must also give him the name his father wanted him to have. So that's how he came by the two names."

"Well, Mrs. Waring, how would you like to have John go to school?"

"Go to school?" said the woman, her face lighting up as if paradise had been put for a moment within her reach. Then the glad look faded as quickly as it had come, and she said almost sullenly: "You see, Miss, it ain't no use to talk about it. Our State ain't got no asylum for the deaf and dumb, and they won't take him at the public school that the other children go to, because he can't hear anything."

"Oh, well! I know all about that. But if you would really like to send him to school, I think I could manage it. And I'll tell you what I'll do. The school isn't in this State. It is near my home, and I know all about it. Now wait," she said, seeing the woman's face suddenly fall again, "I know what you are going to say; but wait till I've done. I'll help about his clothes, and if you will only trust him to me, I'll pay his expenses to the school and back, and I'll manage to have him kept there for a year, if you let him go."

Let him go! It was what she had been praying for constantly, night and morning, ever since he had been big enough to run about. She had kept on praying, but now that God had suddenly answered her prayer, she knew how little she had ever dared to hope that He would. The way in which she broke down utterly, and hid her convulsed face in her hard-worn hands, was evidence of the greatness of her desire, and how she had suffered from that heart-sickness which comes of hope deferred.

Isabel found herself in an awkward position. She was not accustomed to comforting those who wept, and was glad there was a more effectual consoler—for such John, though he could not say one soothing word, proved to be. Under pretence of being pressed for time, she would not listen to a word of all the thanks of which the mother's heart was so full, but insisted on keeping strictly to business, as she termed it.

And so it was agreed that when she left for her home, in a week's time, she should take John Waring with her, and put him at school. After they had gone, the widow remembered that she had not thought to ask Miss Egbert the name of the school, nor anything else about it. She only knew that her boy was to go to school.

"Of course, I suppose they'll teach him to make signs, and talk on his fingers, as other deaf and dumb people do. Well," (with a heavy sigh—not quite so heavy as the old one, though,) "it's the best that can be done; and he'll learn to read and write and cipher, and be able to hold his own better in the world, thank God!"

Again it is Christmas Eve in the Widow Waring's cottage. If her face is paler and more worn even than it was a year ago, no wonder. She has worked so hard all the year for her boy. She has thought of nothing but how she might save for him. About the room there are various suggestions of some yet undiscovered plot—some mystery waiting to be revealed—a sort of holiday ambuscade look, in short. The widow sits by the fire as she did a year ago, but she is alone now, and she does not expect her boy till to-morrow morning. There is no sound

from the sea, and without the snow falls softly. She sits long by the fire, conning over two old daguerrotypes—one of her husband, that he gave her before they were married, and the other of her boy when he was but a fat, staring baby. At last she reads the second chapter of St. Luke, and creeps softly away to bed.

Was it a dream, or an old memory? Between sleeping and waking, she found herself repeating, "Peace on earth, good will toward men;" and opening her eyes suddenly, it seemed to her as if she had come out of a great light into the dark and silence of the night. "I thought I heard the singing," she murmured drowsily, and slept once more, the sweetest sleep she had known since that night on which her husband had been washed ashore.

She was up bright and early the next morning, for John might come home in time for breakfast; and sure enough, just as she had set the little black tea-pot on its mat at the corner of the table, a tramping of feet was heard outside, and before she could get to the door it was thrown open, and there on the threshold stood John, an inch taller at least, she thought; his face brighter and rosier than ever, his eye bigger and browner and ever so much merrier. But was it really John? for as she went toward him, he stretched out his arms, and his lips parted. From those lips came a voice she had never heard before:

"A happy Christmas to you, mother!"

"Mother!" She gave him one dazed look, in which joy struggled with strong wonder, and then he had to catch her in his arms. It was too much for her. She had heard her boy call her "*Mother*."

Yet after all, the mystery, which was explained a little later—when Widow Waring sat by the fire, both her son's hands in hers, and looking as if she could never take her eyes off of his face, and wanting to hear him say mother every minute of the time—was not so unreal after all. Isabel had thought, as soon as she knew that John could not speak, of a school just established near her home for teaching the deaf and dumb to speak, and to read the motion of the lips. The project presented itself to her all at once. But being in doubt as to whether John could be taught to speak, she thought best to say nothing to his mother of it when she took him away. Later, when he had proved himself the most promising pupil in the school, and his progress in articulation was looked upon as something wonderful, she had determined that he should keep the surprise as a Christmas present for his mother. Having an invitation to spend this Christmas also with her friends, the Stanleys, she had arranged to bring John down with her; and as his vocabulary was as yet necessarily very restricted, she had on his way carefully drilled him in the requisite phrase, "A happy Christmas to you, mother!"

And Isabel herself—in the exercise of "good will" she had found "peace on earth." In watching John's wonderful progress, and in the anticipation of the good she was to accomplish and the happiness she was to confer, all her sentimental sorrows were swallowed up. She no longer had any time for them. They were with the things that were. So now let me present to you Isabel Egbert, as she sits by John and his mother, ten times happier and lovelier than she was at this time last year. Lucky will be the man that gets her.

And John and his mother—can you imagine a delight greater than theirs?

These three sitting together in a squalid little room, in a squalid little house, alone by the lonesome sea, are readier than they ever were in their lives before to burst out singing the anthem—

"Peace on earth, good will towards men!"

# THE SILENT WORLD.

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WASHINGTON, AUGUST 15, 1872.

CORRESPONDENTS and SUBSCRIBERS will take notice that our address is no longer Lock Box 39, but Box 47, or simply Washington, D. C.

We commence in this number the publication of a series of short articles on "Visible Speech," as taught by Mr. Bell. The writer is one of that gentleman's pupils, and is, therefore, well qualified to speak of the effects of the system upon the education of the dumb in the use of the vocal organs.

THE Ohio Alumni Association holds its second biennial convention at the Ohio Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, at Columbus, on the 28th and 29th inst. We bespeak for it a full attendance of the deaf-mutes of the State and of other States, for our Ohio brethren know how to give their visitors a joyous reception and make their visit pleasant. We are much interested in this association, as it is a young and promising one, and gives hope of being the vehicle of much good to the deaf-mutes of the whole country.

EVERY person arrested, convicted, and sent to a penitentiary in the United States, costs, on an average, \$1,200. Add to the sum of such expenses the amount of capital taken from directly productive employment and consumed in building prisons and feeding and guarding the prisoners, and we begin to have an idea of the real cost of crime. Every boy educated at the expense of the State costs about \$400. The preventive is not only a thousand times better than the cure, but it is, in the end, a thousand times cheaper. These are facts which may, perhaps, aid halting legislators when debating the expediency of granting some needed appropriation to deaf-mute institutions.

SIR WALTER SCOTT paints in one of the Waverley Novels a girl who pretends to be deaf and dumb, and keeps her full possession of hearing and speech a secret for years, until she chooses to reveal it. It has often been said that such a deception is an impossibility, and that great novelists, professing to portray nature, have no right to palm such things off on their readers. Scott's reputation has been vindicated by a recent marvelous case of self-control. About two years ago, a certain George Scott was convicted in New York of burglary. On his trial he pretended to be deaf and dumb, and thereby created so much sympathy that he was sentenced to only two years' imprisonment, while his accomplices got ten. He was sent to Sing Sing, and then to Auburn. At both prisons he kept up his pretence, and so escaped all heavy work. A few days since he was released, and instantly gave his tongue full compensation for its two years of enforced abstinence from talk.

THE New York deaf-mutes propose to start a paper in the Fall. As many know, the New York Legislature for a number of years appropriated \$300 annually to *The Canajoharie Raddi*, on condition that it was sent free to all deaf-mutes of New York who wanted it. Since Mr. Backus' death this appropriation by some hocus-pocus has gone to *The Mohawk Valley Register*, although *The Raddi* still exists at Canajoharie. But to comply

with the conditions of the grant, *The Register*, after striking off its regular edition, changes heads, and prints a few copies more as *The New York State Raddi and Deaf-Mutes' Journal*. It is understood that Mr. Rider, president of the Empire State Association of Deaf-Mutes, has cut out *The Register* and secured the appropriation for the running of the new paper to be started in the Fall. There is one satisfaction about this at least, and that is, the money will now be applied to its legitimate purpose, provided any law exists to sanction such an appropriation.

Of late we have received from various sources a story taken from *The Mauch Chunk (Pa.) Democrat*, giving the particulars of an accident that occurred to a deaf and dumb boy while feeding a coal breaker. He was caught in the teeth of the machine and crushed with the lumps of coal, and while thus held, 'tis said, that although dumb all his life, he spoke as fluently as any boy, begging the workmen to make haste and relieve him, and praying God to spare his life. This story has, of late, descended upon us in a perfect shower. Our post-office box has been jam full of letters and papers conveying it to us with the regards of some kind friend. Our hopes of a thousand and one subscriptions, raised by the plethoric condition of our box, have been ruthlessly dashed to the ground on opening the letters and finding, instead of greenbacks, "A horrible death," "A dumb boy speaking in his death throes," &c. Clippings of the improbable story lie six inches deep all over our editorial sanctum, and every passing breeze that ruffles our papers bears them fluttering on its wings out of the door and window; and when a thunder-storm comes up the air is thick with the quivering horrors.

As to the story itself, it is highly sensational, and we believe that it is either a falsehood or the deaf and dumb part is a sham. Anybody who has the least knowledge of dumb people knows it is an impossibility for a person who has never talked to do so in the least without long, laborious, and painful instruction. But this method of the coal-breaker may safely be denominated "painful instruction;" and, perhaps, it may be called an articulation machine, and the day may come when to crush a dumb person's bones will be one of the regular processes by which the dumb are taught to speak in our articulation schools. If our reading is not at fault, some such machines were used in the days of the Inquisition to make a man talk, and under their influence he became exceedingly voluble, telling "all he knew, and more, too." And so we come to the homely old proverb, "There is nothing new under the sun."

THERE is a legend of the long ago that our friend J. G. P. was once toiling his weary way up one of the spurs of the White Mountains, when he was overtaken by a wagon, driven by a youth of about his own age. When the wagon got opposite Joe it stopped, and the driver pointed to the vacant seat at his side and invited him to take a ride. Nothing loth, our hero quickly mounted to the seat, and thanked the youth, using his voice in so doing, for Joe believes in articulation. At this the driver turned and said something, whereupon our friend thought he ought to tell him with what infirmity he was afflicted, so he said, "I am deaf." The youth again replied, and Joe, to remove all doubt, reiterated, "I am totally deaf." Again the driver spoke, seemingly in a raised tone of voice, and Joe, getting out of patience, bellowed back, "I'm deaf, I tell you. I cannot hear anything at all." Still the driver persisted, and our friend angrily retorted, "Speak to your horse—to that post; it can hear more than I, you block-head." The stranger seemed to be getting excited also as he replied, and things were coming to a serious pass when the horse stopped before a lonely farm-house, which proved to



be the stranger's home. Getting out, our hero thanked the boy for his kindness, and asked for a drink of water. The youth's back was turned to Joe when he made the request, and he seemed not to hear. So Joe repeated it two or three times without any sign of a response. The thought struck our friend like a flash that perhaps the boy was deaf too, and touching him on the shoulder, Joe put his hand inquiringly on his ear, and the boy nodded. "So am I," quoth Joe, and they struck hands and vowed eternal friendship. It seemed the boy all along had been assuring Joe of his total deafness.

### VISIBLE SPEECH.

1. WHEN a system is introduced which, among many other uses, purports to have special adaptation to some particular class of society, every ray of light which can be thrown upon it should be welcomed, even though that ray is but one out of many, and but feeble in the light it casts.

The numerous allusions which have been made in THE SILENT WORLD to visible speech and its bearing upon deaf-mute progress lead me to think that a few remarks upon the system may not be uninteresting to its readers.

Like everything else worthy of study, visible speech is progressive. It cannot be mastered in a single lesson, nor is it ever separated from effort on the part of the pupil. It would be folly to expect a child but just out of its cradle to speak intelligibly, and it is equally absurd to imagine that those who have scarcely left the cradle of silence can *at once* talk fluently. A person who should begin the instruction of deaf-mutes by teaching words and sentences before sounds had been mastered would be like one who should undertake to build a house from the roof downward. This, visible speech does not do. It aims to lay a substantial foundation by giving the pupil control over the vocal organs. This can best be accomplished by the practice of meaningless exercises, similar to those with which children learning to talk are wont to regale themselves.

It has been absurdly thought that there is something peculiar in the vocal organs of deaf-mutes, and it has even been doubted whether they have any at all. A lady who was somewhat skeptical on this point expressed her doubts to one of Mr. Bell's pupils, saying "she thought they had nothing in common with those who could talk." "They can breathe, I suppose," was the quick rejoinder; the appropriateness of which will be apparent to any one who understands the vital connection between the breathing apparatus and the production of sound. Repeated examinations have proved that the vocal organs of deaf-mutes are in no respect inferior to those of others. What is needed is not the power to use those organs, for that they already have, and it is used in laughing, screaming, &c., but the ability to use that power intelligibly. This knowledge is most fully imparted by visible speech. It does not profess to work miracles. It is founded on well-established natural laws, and that these laws should do their work when properly appealed to is not more wonderful than anything else in the realm of nature.

If we were about to traverse an unknown country, it would be a great assistance to have before us, ere we started, a map of all the hills and valleys we should have to cross. Thus it is that, in entering the world of speech by means of Prof. Bell's system, we find it mapped out, as it were, before us, by the symbols. But, with the best possible guidance, the road must still be traversed, and so the symbols assist, but do not supersede individual effort. These symbols I will, in another article, endeavor to describe.

A. C. J.

"SILENCE is a fine jewel for a woman, but it is little worn," saith the proverb.

### GLEANINGS.

MANY of our readers have read of the deaf and dumb son of King Cræsus, who is said suddenly to have recovered his speech when he saw a Persian soldier about to kill his father. Dr. Kitto supposes that this youth had, like the well-known young man of Chartres over two thousand years later, recovered his hearing, and kept it to himself, cultivating the faculty of speech privately, till the excitement of his father's danger forced him to use it. To us it seems rather more probable, granting the relation to be true, that the boy had learned to speak in early childhood, but after becoming deaf, had lost the faculty by disuse, till in this moment of danger his passion burst into speech. It may be objected that the narrative represents him as being a speaking man from that time forward. He might have gone on speaking, guessing at what others said by their gestures and the motions of their lips. But in stories handed down from such a remote antiquity we should not naturally look for more accuracy than in the stories often published in our own times, representing deaf-mutes to have acquired such expertness in speaking and lip reading that a visitor, after passing through a school of such, observes, "This school is very well, but it was the deaf and dumb school I wished to see."

The late Horace Mann, who told this story to show how perfectly the German teachers succeeded in making it almost absurd to talk of the dumb, tells us of a girl who could distinguish words in the dark by placing her hand on the speaker's mouth, and this is hardly more incredible than Dr. Howe's assertion that the deaf and dumb generally may acquire such expertness in reading on the lips as to attend church and follow the discourse from the lips of the preacher.

In comparing the respective advantages of lip reading and signs as means of social communication for the deaf it should be remembered that the former is available only when the parties are within a few feet of each other, and in a strong light, while signs can be used at a distance of many yards, and in a light by which the motion of the lips would be utterly undistinguishable. Signs also, on familiar topics, and with those expert in their use, admit of much greater rapidity and certainty of communication than any other means of communication possible to the deaf.

There are rare cases of wonderful expertness in reading on the lips, such as that of the young man Polano, whom Dr. E. M. Gallaudet met at Rotterdam, but such proficiency is as exceptional, and as unattainable to the students of even good capacity, as Zerah Colburn's early facility in arithmetic, or Paul Morphy's ability to play and win eight games of chess simultaneously against eight good players without seeing any of the boards.

I have before me the Third Report (1819) of the Connecticut Asylum, (since known as the American Asylum,) in which Mr. Gallaudet, giving some of the reasons which decided him to omit the teaching of articulation, cites the opinion of Dugald Stuart, the eminent philosopher of Edinburgh, which I would like to copy entire, but will at present restrict myself to one of the concluding sentences: "To teach the dumb to speak, (although in fact entitled to rank only a little higher than the art of training starlings and parrots,) will always appear to the multitude a feat of more wonderful ingenuity than to unfold silently the latent capacities of the understanding."

J. R. B.

"IN this sign we conquer," as the deaf and dumb man said when he planted his fist on an opponent's nose.

THE purest joy is unspeakable, the most impressive prayer is silent, and the most solemn preacher at a funeral is the one whose lips are still.

## SPARROWS.

LITTLE birds sit on the telegraph wires,  
And chitter, and flitter, and fold their wings;  
Maybe they think that for them and their sires  
Stretched always, on purpose, these wonderful strings;  
And perhaps the thought that the world inspires,  
Did plan for birds, among other things.

Little birds sit on the slender lines,  
And the news of the world runs under their feet;  
How value rises, and how declines,  
How kings with their armies in battle meet;  
And all the while, 'mid the soundless signs,  
They chirp their small gossipings, foolishly sweet.

Little things light on the lines of our lives—  
Hopes, and joys, and acts of to-day;  
And we think that for these the Lord contrives,  
Nor catch what the hidden lightnings say,  
Yet from end to end His meaning arrives,  
And His word runs underneath all the way.

Is life only wires and lightnings then,  
Apart from that which about it clings?  
Are the thoughts, and the works, and the prayers of men  
Only sparrows that light on God's telegraph strings,  
Holding a moment, and gone again?  
Nay; He planned for the birds, with the larger things.

## "THE SILENT WORLD."

WHAT a sad train of thoughts that suggestive name awakens—a silent world! How little can we comprehend its meaning! As we listen a moment and hear the thousand and one sounds that are borne to us on every wave of air, and try to realize what our life would be without them, how it would seem were they all to cease, and "silence reign profound" forever, a sense of horror steals o'er us, and in humility and awe, we pray, "Forbid it, Lord!"

Then comes the question, why are some thus afflicted? Is it because of greater sins they have committed? "Think you that these men on whom the tower in Siloam fell," said our Lord, "were sinners above all men that dwelt in Jerusalem? I tell you, nay." Why then? We find our answer (changing seeing for hearing) in the beautiful words of Milton's Lament on his Blindness:

"On my bended knee  
I recognise the purpose, clearly shown;  
My hearing Thou has taken, that I may hear  
Thyself; Thyself alone."

Ah! then have we trials that you know not of. We hear the tempter, with a thousand tongues that to you are ever silent, calling us on every side to leave the path of truth and right.

"One talent lodged with you is useless, which your Maker, on returning, will not chide;" but to us He says, "Take heed how ye hear." With possession comes responsibility. In contemplating our actual, together with our possible afflictions, we instinctively bow the head, and with all reverence and submission, say with Pope:

"Whate'er Thy holy will denies  
I calmly would resign;  
For Thou art holy, just, and wise,  
O bend my will to Thine."

To those intending to invest in a sewing-machine we say, buy a Weed, and you will have the most simple and durable sewing-machine in use. It is free from complicated machinery, from fits and spells, and all unpleasantness. You can get it with the assurance that it is the best, for we offer it as a premium for sixty-five subscribers, and were it not the best we would not do so. Try it before purchasing, and judge for yourselves, and then—get us sixty-five names.

## THE PENNSYLVANIA CLERC MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

We beg pardon of our Philadelphia friends for not having printed the following circular sooner. It was overlooked in the hurry of the closing of term at the Washington Institution, and has but just turned up. The circular itself is very neatly printed by Joseph Tindall, a veteran deaf-mute printer of the Quaker City:

The Philadelphia Branch of the Clerc National Monument Association has been re-organized under the name of the "Pennsylvania Clerc Memorial Association," and by the election of the undersigned as President and as Secretary of Thomas S. Roberts as Vice-President, of William R. Cullingworth as Treasurer, and of Joseph Tindall, Joseph J. Stevenson, and Abraham F. Marshall as Executive Committee. This district embraces Pennsylvania, Delaware, and the southern part of New Jersey; and also includes graduates of the Pennsylvania Institution residing in any part of the United States who may wish to be so included. The object of this Association is and will be to collect funds by subscription in aid of a memorial of the late Laurent Clerc, A. M., to be decided upon at some future time.

The history of Mr. Clerc is familiar to you. In Paris, France, he became the favorite pupil of the Abbe Sicard, and a rising teacher. In 1816 he was selected by the Rev. Thomas H. Gallaudet as the fitting person to accompany him to America. Here his accomplishments convinced everybody that the neglected mutes could be educated. Funds were given, Congress endowed the American Asylum at Hartford, and our Alma Mater, the Pennsylvania Institution, was re-organized by him. He imparted well-tried methods of instruction to all the most eminent American teachers, and nobly devoted the remainder of his life to the instruction of American pupils. Ought not the memory of his valuable services, and the venerable form so dear to us, to be perpetuated to all coming generations by a worthy testimonial?

Other associations like this have already been formed in various parts of the Union. Let us not be behind our mute brethren in zeal. Will you aid us by heartily co-operating in promoting the success of this object?

Any sum of money you please can be sent by P. O. money order, or registered letter, or draft to the Treasurer, Mr. Wm. R. Cullingworth, care of Mr. Joseph O. Pyatt, Deaf-Mute Institution, Philadelphia. Upon the receipt of the money, a printed receipt will be promptly forwarded to you.

JOSEPH O. PYATT, President.

T. JEFFERSON TRIST, Secretary.

P. S.—Any contributions from your speaking friends will be gratefully acknowledged.

## COLLEGE RECORD.

LATELY there appeared at the College an eccentric old man, who shall be nameless, and who, surprising B., of '72, in his room one day, told his story. It was that he had met deaf-mutes before, and had a great desire to learn the sign-language, but as his deaf-mute friends seemed disinclined to teach him, he had come to the fountain-head to learn there. B. was amused, and good-naturedly taught him some signs, expecting he would be satisfied and return no more. Vain delusion! He is an enthusiast, and comes regularly each day, and B. has no peace. He comes early and stays late, and once finding the College door locked he was observed to pound, and meeting with no response, up went his hand to his forehead and the sign for "fool" was made in a manner quite creditable to a beginner.

B. has come across him several times in the city, seated on a curbstone, with his feet in the gutter and a paper spread in his lap, busily practising the few signs he has learned. He seems to be a well-educated man, of respectable abilities, and his enthusiasm and perseverance are boundless. Nothing discourages him; avoidance, coldness, and broad hints alike are unavailing—he must learn signs. What his object can be we can only conjecture. He seems to regard signs as a language which he would add to the list of those he has already mastered, and which, if we are to believe him, number forty-five.

ON DIT, that H street is to be paved with wood.

THE College billiard table is to be repaired before the term commences.

A LITTLE deaf and dumb son of Mr. John Dailey, of Washington, aged 6 years, was bitten by a mad dog on the 11th instant.



GRAPES are ripe. (This item is stereotyped and copyright secured.) All ye absent ones "don't, you hungry?" as Payne would say.

THE little boys of Swampoodle enjoy our grapes very much indeed. We are teaching "that dog" to rend their pants as they flee.

THE patches of grass on the "dumenade" have become so thick that the cows prefer the pavement to their usual pasturage for browsing purposes.

TUCK, '70, rides a "gay and festive boss" over the steppes of the Golden State, equipped with a five-pound saddle, and "spurs that jingle like sleigh-bells."

PARKINSON, '69, lately appointed First Assistant Examiner, is to be transferred from the class of Glass and Leather to that of Mechanical and Railway Engineering and Mining.

J. A. JAMISON, of the Preparatory Class, has been at work in various printing offices in the city during vacation. He has set much of the present number of THE SILENT WORLD.

MR. D. R. TILLINGHAST, a teacher in the North Carolina Institution, and his wife and child, are spending a few days in the city. He is the guest of Mr. Charles Strong, a deaf-mute clerk in the Treasury Department.

COAL is now cheaper than at any previous period for some time, and the Institution is laying in a large supply. Coal carts come daily in a perfect string, and dump their contents everywhere, and so all things have a smutty look.

THE grounds in front of the Chapel terrace are being ploughed. The old turf did not suit, being too strongly impregnated with garlic, and a new deal is the consequence. We incline to think "old garlic" will still hold the strongest hand.

THE old house on G street northwest, near 22d street, which is the cradle of this Institution, is being overhauled, and bay windows are being put in. It is to be the residence of Gen. Babcock, superintending engineer of the Government buildings and reservations.

AN oval plot of grass is being laid out back of the Chapel Hall, near the pump. It is one hundred feet across its longest diameter from the Chapel toward Joiner Hall. It is hoped it will have the effect of somewhat moderating the temperature of the Primary dining-room, which the bare red earth has hitherto rendered very uncomfortable.

## INSTITUTION NEWS.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

THERE is to be a conference of the principals of the various Institutions, at the Michigan Institution at Flint, on the 14th and 15th inst.

MR. WILKINSON, principal of the California Institution, is to come East this summer—probably to attend the conference at Flint, Michigan.

A LOT has been purchased in Baltimore and a building is to be erected for the education, in conjunction with the blind, of the colored deaf and dumb of Maryland.

MR. CHARLES S. PERRY, teacher of the high class of the Ohio Institution, was married on the 4th of July last to Miss Mattie Warren, of Cincinnati, a graduate of the Ohio Institution.

### NEW YORK.

HAVING safely got my hay and oats in the barn, I came back to Fanwood for a few days, and finding here your papers issued since our vacation began, showing that you have hopefully entered on your second year, I feel bound to send you such items as in this season of dearth of Institution news I may be able to pick up.

Of course nearly all our teachers are absent, scattered from Paris to Chicago. Only Prof. F. D. Clarke and Miss Meigs are still here.

Our venerable Emeritus Principal, Dr. H. P. Peet, is nearly laid up with a swelled foot, a new visitation of his old enemy, rheumatism, but otherwise seems well and cheerful.

Dr. Brooks, the superintendent, Mrs. Stephenson, the matron, and Mr. C. D. Little, the assistant steward, who have been taking their vacations during July, have recently returned.

The work of repairing, scrubbing, whitewashing, painting, refurnishing, &c., is going on with energy; and I am sorry to say the workmen sometimes cause great trouble and vexation to the teachers by overhauling and sometimes displacing and damaging their closets, desks, &c., in their absence.

An addition to the wash-house is going up, with an upper story, in which is to be a dormitory for the washer-women. All around the buildings pitfalls gape for unwary feet, (pipe-laying, of course.)

Only eight girls and eighteen boys remain here out of our five hundred pupils. The base-ball grounds are getting overgrown with grass; the dining-room is a desert, the chapel a solitude. The few pupils left take their meals in the small dining-room in the front basement.

One of our little boys named Geo. N. Delong, from remote St. Lawrence county, fell victim to a sun-stroke on the fourth of July. You are aware that during that week there were in New York city hundreds stricken down by the intense heat.

J. R. B.

### MISSOURI.

FROM *The St. Louis Democrat* of a late date we clip the following. It is the first intimation we have of the existence of a German articulation school in St. Louis:

It is well known that the inmates of deaf and dumb institutions are capable of uttering powerful sounds, that are unintelligible, however. It occurred to one of the professors abroad that these sounds could be turned to definite good purpose; and so he set to work to devise a system of facial expressions, together with other combinations that would serve his purpose. Thus sprang into existence the new method that will, probably, when further advanced, seriously affect the old one, whereby the pupils are taught to converse only with their hands. In 1849, the corner-stone of the Holy Trinity (R. C.) church (German) was laid on Eleventh street, near Mallinckrodt, and the congregation rapidly increasing in size, a much larger edifice was required. The old church building was then converted into a parish school, the new edifice for the church congregation having been completed. The school also increasing rapidly in size, a new school building was erected on the northwest corner of Mallinckrodt and Eleventh streets. It was completed about the 1st of last February, and accommodates at present about two hundred male pupils. An adjoining building has school accommodations for four hundred girls. It was in one of the rooms of the male department yesterday that Professor Adam Steltner, an assistant in the parish school, exhibited the proficiency with which he had taught some deaf (and dumb children that were) to utter intelligible sounds since only the 1st of last October. The exercises consisted of recitations in German, from merely the alphabet to short sentences of words of from one to three or four syllables. There was also a highly creditable exhibition of the chirography of the pupils, in German. The exercises lasted two hours, and were witnessed by a large number of ladies and gentlemen, almost exclusively Germans, who filled the school-room. It is the intention of the professor, if he can, to found a public institution, similar to the one in New York, where the deaf and dumb can be blessed with the superior advantages of the new system. The pupils that he has so far have all been taught by him at his private residence only, during the time he could devote to his object when relieved each day of his duties in the Trinity Parish School.

## THE FORTNIGHT.

### HOME.

THE *Missouri Republican* declares that levees on the Mississippi river are useless. It is said that the embankments tend only to raise the bottom of the river, and that the Government might go on building them eternally to a constantly rising river, until the highest bluffs become low lands.—At a recent Methodist church festival in Macon, Georgia, the sensation of the evening was the appearance of a band of girls clad in Hindoo costume, who sang with great emphasis two pieces in the Eastern language. The words sounded wierd and uncouth, but possessed a strange sort of harmony, quite pleasing to the ear.—Joaquin Miller astonished the visitors at Niagara Falls by dashing around on a pony in full Mexican dress, with a sombrero hat.—Floating bathing houses have been introduced at Rye Beach, N. J., for the convenience of old dowagers, timid young ladies, and juveniles. They are awkward-looking structures, mounted on wheels, and having large canvas tops, like army wagons.—An Illinois woman has just extracted a porcupine quill which has been in her flesh for forty years.—Wisconsin is exciting itself about a little girl whose head is said to weigh seventy-eight pounds. How they manage to weigh the head without the body is not stated.—The New York Seventh regiment spent one hundred thousand dollars during its six days' encampment.—At Cedar Falls, Iowa, a minister has preached a sermon in defence of croquet, selecting for his text, "And they took the mallet."—A palace car for trotting horses is the latest invention. Mr. Budd Doble has one for Lucy and Goldsmith Maid, with stalls thickly padded with hair.—The Erie railway-car and locomotive works, at Jersey City, N. J., have been destroyed by fire. The buildings covered an entire acre; the loss is estimated at \$2,000,000, and 500 workmen are thrown out of employ.—Highway robbery still flourishes in Colorado; the stage from Fairplay, with four passengers, was stopped on the 21st ult. by four "road agents" within ten miles of Denver, and robbed of Wells, Fargo & Co's treasure box containing \$10,000.—The house in which Ralph Waldo Emerson has lived, at Concord, Mass., for nearly forty years, has been destroyed by fire, supposed to be caused by a defective flue. Most of the furniture and the greater part of Mr. Emerson's library were saved. The loss is between four and five thousand dollars, on which there was a partial insurance.—A stage-coach, on its way to Crawford House, White Mountains, was struck by lightning two weeks ago; the horses were thrown down but not killed; two outside passengers had their clothes burned; their gold watches melted in their pockets, and one of them

was also burned on the breast, the electric fluid completely encircling his body.—The season is fatal to children in large cities. Of the 919 deaths in New York two weeks ago, 645 were of children under five years of age; in Brooklyn there were 114 fatal cases of cholera infantum in a death record of 357.—Two boats, containing four persons, were carried over Niagara Falls, two weeks ago; the occupants of one of them were a boy and a girl, children of a fisherman.—Some sixty women in the town of Carthage, Ind., on the 24th ult., demolished the whiskey saloons of that place. They were wives of drunken husbands, and had first unsuccessfully endeavored to persuade the saloon-keepers to quit the business.—The Pope will shortly issue an encyclical letter declaring the Society of American Catholics to be separated from the Church of Rome, and placing them under the ban of major excommunication.—The poet Whittier was struck by lightning on the 14th instant, but was not seriously injured.—A terrible tornado and hail-storm, covering a space of country a mile in width, occurred at Harrisburg, Pa., on the 5th inst. The roofs of the State capitol, a hotel, Brant's Hall, and many private dwellings were carried off, and the gable end of the German Reformed church injured. Hundreds of trees were blown down, and thousands of panes of glass broken.—Forest fires in California have destroyed thousands of acres of woodland, and the buildings on several ranches have been burned. The light of the mountain fires can be seen for fifty miles in the night.—In New York the first week of July reported over 1,569 deaths, which exceeds the usual ratio of European cities. In Philadelphia the death rate was 57 to 1,000, and in Brooklyn it was more than 86 to 1,000.—The property of the Staten Island Ferry Company is about to be sold at sheriff's sale to satisfy the demands of parties who recovered judgments for damages inflicted by the explosion of the Westfield. The company being bankrupt, many of those poor victims will receive nothing.—The largely increased mails to be carried from Chicago to New York have induced the managers of railways to put on mail trains proper, each to consist of one locomotive and three mail cars, to be run through in twenty-four hours over a distance of 962 miles. No stoppages are to be made except for coal and water.—Twelve cars of oil were burned on the Erie railway, just west of Elmira, on Sunday morning, two weeks ago.—It is estimated that over fifty thousand people left New York city Saturday, two weeks ago, to spend Sunday in the suburbs, and an equal number filled the excursion boats and trains to the sea-shore and river resorts the next day.—Philadelphia and Brooklyn are not the only cities that have taken from New York the idea of giving free excursions to poor children. Several Western cities have started in the same good work, and Boston is getting ready to fall into line.—A fireman on the Alabama and Chattanooga railroad was recently shot while defending his train against a mob.—The recent rains are said to have almost ruined the watermelon crop in Tennessee.—Two weeks ago, during a storm at Opelika, Ala., the lightning struck and killed a lady. A three weeks'-old child in her arms was uninjured.—A conference of Sunday-school officers and teachers of Richmond, Va., has been held, and it was decided that Sunday-school picnics do more harm than good.—A negro riding on a freight train near Columbus, Ga., lost his new hat. He asked the conductor to stop, but as he refused, he jumped off, though the train was running at eighteen miles an hour. As soon as possible the train was stopped, and backed up till it met the darkey coming up panting, with his hat all safe, and himself not at all injured.—Fredericksburg, Va., has shipped 10,000 chickens to Washington. They brought \$3,000.—The mayor and council of Lincoln, the capital of Nebraska, have authorized a lottery for the purpose of erecting a city hospital.—A colored citizen of New Orleans has recovered \$1,000 damages from the board of directors of a white school because they refused to admit his children as pupils.—A scolding wife in Milwaukee dislocated her jaw-bone while "giving it" to her husband.—A Mobile policeman eloped with a pretty girl of fourteen. The rest of the force are on the lookout for him.—An attempt of negroes to ride on the street cars in Savannah culminated in a fight two weeks ago, during which two whites and several negroes were wounded. There was much excitement.—The construction of a narrow-gauge railway from Denver, Colorado, to the City of Mexico has been broached. The length of the road would be 1,750 miles, and its estimated cost \$20,000,000.—The Detroit river tunnel is progressing. The tunnel now extends under the river 905 feet from the Michigan shore and about 300 feet from the Canada shore.

## POLITICAL.

SPEAKER BLAINE has written a letter to Sumner, criticising his course, and Mr. Sumner has answered him, maintaining his position.—Gen. Banks has pronounced for Greeley.—Gen. Dix has written a letter advocating the election of Grant for the next term.—Senator Conkling recently made a speech in New York defending President Grant.—Henry A. Wise, of Virginia, discards the Greeley ticket, and says it is unfit for him to act with any political party in the present attitude of affairs; the Liberal Republican he declares to be the worst of mongrels, and all things to all men.—Mr. Voorhees has finally consented to smother his opposition to Greeley; he accepts a nomination for Congress and tolerates Greeley, because the Southern people demand somebody or anybody who can beat Grant; meanwhile, he has no apology to make for opposing Greeley's nomination, but his opposition does

not go beyond the action of the Baltimore Convention.—A. T. Stewart has given \$20,000 to the Liberal National Committee.—Horace Greeley has written a letter accepting the Democratic nomination, in which he expresses his profound satisfaction at the adoption of the Cincinnati platform by the Baltimore Convention, regarding it as conclusive proof that not only is slavery abolished, but that its spirit is extinct; and having done what he could for the complete emancipation of the blacks, he now insists on the full enfranchisement of all his white countrymen, making it cause of complaint against the Administration, and New England in particular, that the South is not permitted to be represented by men of her own choice, because they were leaders in the rebellion, instancing the case of Vance, of North Carolina, who was not admitted into the Senate, after having been elected by the Legislature of that State; this, he thinks, was an indignity to North Carolina, and an act of capricious tyranny. In conclusion, he hails the union of the Democracy and the Liberal Republicans as a genuine new departure from out-worn feuds and meaningless contentions in the direction of progress and reform.—Gen. Farnsworth, a member of Congress from Illinois, has declared for Greeley.—General Butler says that a vote for Greeley is a vote for the Democratic party.—The Democrats and Liberal Republicans of Vermont and Iowa have united on a State ticket.—President Grant recently said to an interviewer that the attacks made upon him during his first term had alone induced him to accept the candidacy for the second, he wishing to test the feelings of the people in regard to his administration.—Senator Sumner was serenaded by a large crowd of white and colored citizens in Washington last Friday evening.—Wm. Lloyd Garrison has written a letter to Senator Sumner, reviewing his course, and telling him that the blow he aims at Grant will not be felt by him; the recoil will be upon himself.—The Republicans and Democrats have been having a good time claiming a victory in the North Carolina election. The latest returns show that the Republicans have elected their candidate for Governor, while the Democrats have secured the Legislature; but how the Congressional delegation stands it is difficult to tell at present.

## FOREIGN.

PRESIDENT JUAREZ, of Mexico, died of apoplexy on the 18th ult. Congress has ordered a general election for President of the Republic, and general amnesty has been proclaimed in the City of Mexico, embracing all engaged in the recent insurrection. The rebels are laying down their arms, and the whole country is quiet.—The American residents of Paris entertained Mr. Stanley, *The N. Y. Herald* correspondent, at a banquet. Minister Washburne, who presided at the banquet, said that the achievement of Stanley in discovering Dr. Livingstone added a new honor to the American name. Stanley gave all the honor of the expedition to Mr. Bennett, and he entertained the company with accounts of his travels and adventures. There were one hundred guests present, including most of the resident correspondents of American journals.—A Carlist band, numbering 1,000, which had maintained its organization in the north of Spain, has been defeated.—The French new loan has proved a great success, six or seven times the amount offered by the government having been covered. Thanksgiving services for the great success of this loan were held in the churches of Paris on the 4th inst.—Admiral Alden, in command of the U. S. fleet lying off Southampton, comprising six vessels carrying 110 guns, gave a brilliant reception to the Prince and Princess of Wales on the 31st ult. Gen. Schenck, Gen. Sherman, and Bishop McIlvaine, of Ohio, were among the guests. The Prince inspected the fleet and a royal salute was fired. In the evening the Prince entertained the party at a dinner on the royal yacht.—The cholera is reported to be abating throughout the Empire of Russia.—In a speech at the annual banquet given to her British Majesty's ministry, two weeks ago, Mr. Gladstone, alluding to the treaty of Washington, said the cloud that had appeared on the horizon had been dispelled; arbitration had not produced the heart-burnings which were apprehended, but will lead to an amicable settlement, like a friendly suit in a court of law.—It is now expected that the Geneva Board of Arbitration will complete its work within a month. No reliance can be placed upon the rumors of its decisions published from day to day, the strictest secrecy being maintained by every person connected with the court.—An omnibus filled with passengers, while crossing the railroad track at Kustrin, seventeen miles from Frankfort, was run into by the mail train, and dashed to pieces. Eight passengers were killed outright, and of the others in the omnibus none escaped injury.

THE *Jackson* (Michigan) *Patriot* thus mentions a work of art executed by a gentleman who, while connected with the National Deaf-Mute College, was noted for his highly laughable cartoons of the little excitements of College life, as a base-ball match or examinations. He exhibited talent then, and we are glad to note his success:

"There is on exhibition at E. B. Smith & Co's book store, a fine oil portrait of Prof. Laurent Clerc, painted from a photograph by Mr. Marcus H. Kerr, a deaf mute of this city. The picture is one of historic interest, as Mr. Clerc was one of the pioneers in the instruction of deaf mutes in this country. In the execution of this portrait Mr. Kerr has given proof of no ordinary talent, the drawing being good and the blending of colors very fine."